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LITTLE JANE.

BY SARAH ELIZABETH STOCKTON.

Can you love me? little Jane—
Straight her blue eyes opened wide,
Meaning I should be so calm—
Oh, sir, no, sir! she replied.

Shall I love you, then? I said—
Why, sir, you do, she answered back,
Or else how could you be wicked?

Still I query Mary Price?
She with hair and eyes so bright!
Fair, affectionate, and sister?
Oh, sir, no, sir! not that right!

Well, then's Eleanor Mordivee—
Large of person—large of purse—
Do you think that she will do?
Oh, sir, no, sir! worse and worse!

Then choose for me—and the strife
Sir what boy you prefer
I shall take to be my wife;
Oh, sir, no, sir! never, sir!

Must I go, my little Jane?
Tell me, since you say no nay—
Never more in mine again?
Oh, sir, no, sir! yes may say.

# EUDORA;
## OR,
# THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE DOOM OF DEVILSE," "HOPE RESTED," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XIV.

Shuddering, she shrunk away a week
Upon more to intervene—strong, sickening week,
Through which she passed, counting
Each sickening hour with throbs.—Mrs. Hemans.

Meanwhile Eudora remained in strict seclusion at the obscure lodgings in the Bowery. Her voluntary close confinement within her own apartment excited no surprise in the guileless heart of her landlady, who ascribed it to the recent bereavement and extreme sorrow which her deep-mourning and pallid countenance seemed truly to indicate.

Mrs. Corder had formed her own opinion concerning her beautiful lodger. No one had discovered the good woman, she had quite satisfactorily declined herself; and so thoroughly was she persuaded of the truth of her own theory, that, when any chance visitor dropped in at evening to gossip, she informed her that the new-lodger was the orphan daughter of a country clergyman, and had come to town to seek employment as a daily governess. And if any one had asked Mrs. Corder how she obtained her information, she would have said—and thought—that Miss Miller told her.

Meanwhile Eudora passed her days in a heavy, deadly sameness and torpor, and her nights in broken sleep and fearful dreams, from which she would start in nervous agonies. Every day her health visibly declined under this tremendous oppression.

She dreadfully ascribing her illness to inordinate grief for the death of her parents, sought every means to soothe and comfort her.

On the morning of the fifth day of her residence beneath the roof, the landlady brought her a letter, saying:

"Here now! I suppose this is to bring you some good news; an offer of a situation perhaps in some nobleman's family, who knows?" And the good woman stuck her arms akimbo and stood at rest, evidently anxious to be a participator in the "good news."

Eudora suspected the disguised handwriting to be that of Malcolm Montoron, and with trembling fingers opened the letter. It was without date or signature, and very brief, merely saying:

"My Dearest One—All is well as yet. The hounds are off the scent. Do not answer this letter; it might not be safe to do so. Keep close, and wait for another communication."

Eudora put the letter in her bosom, and waited for an opportunity to destroy it.

"Then it isn't good news?" said the sympathetic landlady, closely inspecting Eudora's troubled face.

"It does not offer me a situation," replied Eudora, evasively, and blushing deeply at the unavoidable deceit.

"Well, never mind, dear; you'll have better fortune to-morrow, perhaps. And now I am not a-going to let you mope. You must go out and take a walk."

Eudora thanked the landlady, but declined the proposition, and gently intimated her desire to be alone, whereupon the kind creature sighed and withdrew.

As soon as she found herself free from the watchfulness of her kind landlady, Eudora took a match, burned her letter on the hearth, then threw herself into a chair, covered her face with her hands, and sank back in the stillness of a deep despair.

While she sat thus the landlady suddenly broke in upon her in a state of great excitement, exclaiming:

"Oh, my dear Miss Miller, you must excuse me; but I couldn't help coming to tell you, for I knew you would like to hear it—"

"What is it, Mrs. Corder?" Eudora languidly inquired.

"Why, that vile, wicked, infamous creature—that toad, that viper, that rattlesnake as poisoned all her great uncle's family—have broke loose from the prison and run away."

"Indeed," was the only answer that Eudora could father forth. Her throat was choking, her heart was stopping, her blood freezing with terror.

"Yes! but ah! they'll catch her again, the tigress—I for there's a reward of a hundred pounds offered for her arrest, and a full description of her person that nobody can't mistake! Here, my dear, read it for yourself," said Mrs. Corder, handing the newspaper to Eudora.

The poor girl took it in the desperate anxiety to read the advertisement, and ascertain how far the description might suit all medium-sized young brunettes, and how nearly it might agree with her own peculiar individuality.

She essayed to read, but as she held the paper, her hands trembled, her eyes dazed over, and her voice failed.

"Will you please look she held the paper towards Mrs. Corder, who took it, saying:

"Well, my dear, you are the sweetest I ever saw, and no wonder. But for all that you would like to hear it. Shall I read it for you?"

"Yes," was the only answer Eudora could breathe.

The landlady seated herself, and with an air of innocent importance opened the paper, and holding it squarely before her large person, read as follows:

"Ten Thousand Pounds Reward.—Absconded, from Allworth Abbey, near Abbeytown, in the county of Northumberland, on the night of Tuesday last, Bessie Miller Lenton, charged with having poisoned the Baron of Lenton, at whose funeral she officiated as chief mourner, sinister, self-accused, ground, form, and regular features, complexion, with black hair and black eyes. She was, when she left, a full suit of deep mourning. The above reward will be given to any person who may apprehend and deliver up the said Bessie Miller Lenton to justice."

Eudora felt that this description might suit any medium-sized young brunette in mourning as well as herself, and therefore breathed more freely, especially as she perceived that the unconscious landlady never once suspected the identity of her lodger with the advertised fugitive.

"There's for you, my dear; now, what do you think of that? They'll be sure to catch her again with that reward offered and description given! She had better go and hide herself under the earth, for if she shows herself above ground, she is sure to be caught! Anybody would know her from that description the minute they clapped their eyes on her! I should, I'm sure, for I think I see her now, with her sharp, wicked black eyes, and sly leer and vicious look, and the bundling-up moonlight into the face of Enders without the slightest suspicion of her kinship with the frightful fiend good Mrs. Corder had an ideal portrait of the supposed murderess that she never could forget a complete blind to her discovery of Enders.

"I hope the prisoner will be found and the truth brought to light," said Miss Lenton, fervently.

"And I hope so, too; and now, my dear, I will leave the paper for your amusement while I go down and see what Sally is about," said the landlady, leaving the room.

Eudora, as soon as she found herself alone, picked up the paper, and once more read the imperfect description of her own person.

"How fortunate for me that they did not add to the two little moles on my face! Even my innocent landlady must have detected me by them had they been mentioned," thought Eudora to herself. Yet still her heart was filled with misery, and she felt an oppression of the lungs and a difficulty of breathing, that induced her to rise and open the door for a freer circulation of air.

As she did this, her attention was arrested by a knock at the private door down stairs.

As she was in that condition of peril when every sound awakens terror, her heart also paused and listened.

She heard the landlady go to the door and open it, saying, in a tone of surprise and displeasure:

"Well, whatever can be your business here with me or my house or family?"

"We come with a warrant for the arrest of Miss Eudora Lenton, charged with having poisoned her uncle's family, and supposed to be now lying concealed in your house," replied a voice that Eudora, in an agony of terror, recognized as that of Sims, the detective policeman, who had had her in custody at Allworth Abbey. Though nearly dying, she leaned far over the railings to hear further.

"Eudora Lenton in my house, indeed! You must have taken leave of your senses, man! I'll see you for slander! Pray, is my house a harbor for poisoners?" exclaimed the landlady, indignantly, and in a voice shrieking with pride, up the door with her burly person.

"Of course, good woman, we hope that it is, or reason that is still so, and nobody screens you of willfully concealing the fugitive—"

"They'd a better not!" interposed the landlady.

"Well, they don't. But you have a young lady lodging here who arrived last Wednesday morning—dark young lady, dressed in black?"

"Yes, two times six hundreds upon hundreds of dark young ladies dressed in black in London, and they list all poisoners—God forbid! And this one is not also Eudora Lenton, nor no such demon; on the contrary, she is Miss Miller, and an angel, that's what she is!"

"But for all that, mum, you must let us see this Miller; you can have no objection to that?"

"Yes, but I Am an objection; I has a very particular objection to say party of perlice intruding into a modest young lady's private apartments in my house. And so you just better go about your business," said the landlady, still stopping the way with her large form.

"We are sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Corder, but it is absolutely necessary for us to see this lodger," insisted the detective.

"But as my lodger happens to be a dark young lady in black, you may take her up by mistake, and that would kill the poor young creature."

"No danger, Mrs. Corder; we are both well acquainted with the personal appearance of Miss Eudora Lenton, having had her in custody for a whole day and night before her escape. It is only necessary for us to see his lodger for one moment, in order to know whether she is Eudora Lenton or not," said Sims, who meant take her at once; if she is not, you will be totally relieved of our presence. And now I hope you will not longer hinder us in the discharge of our duty."

"Oh, certainly not—certainly not! Search! search by all manner of names, if you can't take an honest woman's word for it!" said the landlady, sarcastically. "Only for decency's sake, you must let me go before you, and tell Miss Miller before you burst in upon her privacy."

"Very well, mum; but we must follow close behind you to prevent accidents. Lead the way, then," replied Sims.

Enders heard this conclusion, and turned with the wild instinct of flying or hiding, she knew not how or where.

The landlady led the way up stairs, and rapped at Eudora's parlor door. There was no answer. Then the gentlewoman quickly reached herself in front of the landlady, and suddenly opened the door.

Eudora stood in the middle of the floor, with her features clasped and extended in mere agony, her face blanched with terror, and her eyes dilated in eagerish upon the intruders.

"It is herself," said Sims, advancing into the room.

"I knew it before I saw her," added his companion, following him.

"It's not you're both on you clean mad to say so, only becomes she happens for to have dark hair and eyes like that Enders devil! I suppose you'd even be other taking up my lodger on suspicion, only as she happens to be fair complected," exclaimed the landlady, vehemently.

"The young lady must answer for her own identity. Are you not Miles Lenton?" inquired Detective Sims, addressing the pale-cheeked girl.

"No!" screamed the landlady, before her lodger could reply; "no, I tell you she is Miss Miller!"

"I spoke to you, Miss; is not your name Eudora Lenton?" inquired Sims, confidently.

"It is; I am, indeed, poor Eudora Lenton!" said the miserable girl, in a dying voice, dropping her head upon her bosom, and letting her clasped hands fall senseless helplessly by her side.

"Then please to hold out your wrists, Miss," said the officer, drawing from his pocket a pair of light steel handcuffs connected by a short, bright chain.

Eudora mechanically obeyed, without the least suspicion of what was about to be done.

"Sorry to have to deny these ornaments on your wrists, Miss; but when a prisoner displays such a wonderful talent for escape as you have, why, we must take proper precautions. Hold your hands up a little higher, if you please, Miss —there!" said Sims, snapping the handcuffs up on her delicate wrists; "there, now, I dare say, a your waiting-maid never clasped your gold bracelets when you were going to a party quicker than I have these. And these, though they are of steel, are as light and as bright as possible, and must be very fashionable now; and as for the chain that connects them, is for all the world like the handle of an elegant reticule. You can't admire the pattern of the ornament with a view to the delicacy of the wearer," concluded the man, carefully adjusting the fetters.

"And now, mum," he added, turning to the landlady, "will you get Miss Lenton's bonnet and shawl, and so forth, and put them on her, while my comrade goes out and calls a cab?"

The landlady, since the confession of Enders, had been standing the very image of dumb consternation.

The request of the policeman broke the spell of silence that bound her, and she burst into a flood of lamentation and exclaiming:

"Well, what's a thought is? I couldn't—no! I couldn't a believed it if so ungel from heaven had come down and told me! and I can scarce believe my eyes now! I took her for my dearest face! Oh, my dear! say it was all a mistake! say so how you are not Eudora Lenton, but a impersonator, or you'll break the mother's heart in my bosom?" she cried, extending her arms with pleading tenderness towards the miserable girl.

"Oh, Mrs. Corder! I am indeed Eudora Lenton, but no poisoner; no the Lord in heaven sees and hears me, no poisoner! Your pure and honest heart must read and understand me rightly! I am, come, look into my eyes, look down into my soul, and see if it is stained with the slightest poisonous crime!" said Eudora, clasping her fettered hands, and raising her beautiful eyes to the face of the landlady.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed the latter; "since you have told me you are no poisoner I believe it indeed! I'd stake my life upon it you are wrong fully accused! I believe you to be as innocent of that dead as my own Sally, that I do!"

"Thank you! thank you for that! for you believe only what God knows to be true! I am innocent!" wept Eudora.

"I know you be, my poor child! Oh, Mr. Perlice, look at her! just look at her sweet face and eyes, and tell me if it is possible for her to be guilty of what she is accused with?" said the landlady, taking the detective by the arm, and turning him towards the prisoner.

"Yes, mum, the testimony of your eyes is that functionary, coolly.

"Oh, the testimony!" The landlady shut her lips to prevent the escape of a word that would not have become the mouth of a modest woman.

"For is fac, mum! And now, as we want to be off before the o'clock train, I wish you would show your kindness to your lodger by putting on her bonnet."

"I won't! You shan't take her away, you cruel man!" cried the landlady, rousing with great indignation.

"Do, dear Corder, get on my bonnet and shawl; we must not resist the warrant, you know," said Eudora, in an expiring voice, as, unable longer to support her sinking frame, she dropped into the nearest chair.

"But I will resist! It's cruel! it's monstrous! it's infamous to drag you off in this way!" sobbed the landlady.

"I'll tell you what, mum, unless you get what the young lady requires, and help her to prepare for her journey, I shall have to go into her chamber and be her waiting-maid myself, which might not be so pleasant, you know, for I expect Bute here every minute with the cab."

And at this moment, indeed, the other policeman entered to say that the carriage was at the door.

"Come, come, bestir yourself, my good woman, or we shall [illegible]" said Sims, turning towards the chamber door.

"Ah," said Mrs. Corder, losing her temper, forgetting her respectability, descending into the depths of Billingsgate, and fishing up the broadest sand of vituperation to fling at the policemen.

She resisted, abused, and threatened them at such a rate that, had they not been very forbearing, besides having a much more important matter in hand, they might reasonably have taken her in charge.

When the landlady had fairly screamed herself out of breath, so that she was obliged to stop and pant, Enders took advantage of the momentary silence to lay her mournful hands upon the arm of the angry woman, and follow:

"Dear, good friend, all this is well meant, but it does me harm instead of good. We cannot possibly resist their authority; and so, if you really desire to serve me, do that for me which I should not like a policeman to do, and which I cannot do for myself."

"Oh, poor, fatherless, motherless child! Oh, poor, dear little fettered wrists!" cried the landlady, sobbing and weeping over them.

"Come, mum, come! time's up!" said Sims.

He was answered by another shower of tears and sighs, as Mrs. Corder retreated into the bedroom.

She soon reappeared with Enders's outer garments, which she carefully arranged upon the person of that cruel, fainting, helpless slave to so to conceal the degrading fetters.

"And now, where be you agoing to take my poor darling? Not to Newgate, I hope?"

"Oh, no, we must return back to Abbeytown, where she will have a fair trial and full justice, that you may depend upon, so don't be alarmed," said Sims, with more good nature than could have been expected from one under the circumstances.

And Eudora were ready she sank into the arms of her rough but honest friend, who embraced her fervently, praying:

"Oh, may the Lord deliver you from all your enemies and all your troubles, my poor, beloved darling lamb, and may the old blessed angels be with you!"

"Hush, hush!" said Enders, snapping her fingers at Sims; "but see my will with the sound of blessings, not of curses, ringing on my ears! Good-bye, dear friend! May God reward you for all your kindness to me!"

And Eudora forever tore her arms.

The landlady sank sobbing into a chair. The young prisoner, half fainting, was led away between the two policemen.

They took her down stairs, and placed her in the cab, which was immediately driven towards the King's-cross Railway Station.

They arrived just in time to catch the desired train. Eudora was hurried into a coupé, where she was locked in on right and left by the two policemen.

It was a miserable journey of about six hours. The policemen were reasonably kind to her, and whenever the train stopped for refreshments, they offered her food, wine, tea and coffee. But she refused all meat and drink, and fell in a state of exhaustion and despair.

It was after nine o'clock when the train arrived at Abbeytown. It was quite dark, but the streets were well lighted, and the dense mass of guards, citizens, and idlers was collected to see the train come in.

There were but few passengers for Abbeytown, and when the police opened the door of the coupé, leading their prisoner between them—and when Sims called out, "Eudora Lenton!" while Rust went to call a cab—they were exposed to the full contemplation of the whole crowd, who gathered around, quickly identified the party, and began to hoot and groan at the supposed Eudora Lenton, the poisoner of her uncle's family, was there in custody of the police, and in close, [illegible] and [illegible] manner in their anxiety to see her face.

Eudora, nearly fainting with distress, put up her hands to draw her veil closer about her face, and in so doing exposed her fettered wrists.

"Handcuffed, too, by all that's blue! What a desperate fellow she must be, to be sure," said a rude man, pushing near, and trying to look under her veil.

"Stand back, will you?" shouted Sims, savagely.

"Oh, we mustn't look at her, mustn't we? Well, we mustn't hear her, then, I guess! You'll get a full view of her for nothing. Celebrated murderesses don't come here while Bluebox."

Enders shuddered at this rude speech, when finally the other officer came up with the cab, and she was hurried into it, out of the insulting scrutiny of the mob.

Among those who had gazed with even more interest than curiosity upon the hapless girl, was a tall, thin, unattached foreigner, wrapped in a large cloak, and having a travelling-cap pulled down low over his piercing eyes. He stood on the open down close to the station, and now stood waiting upon the platform.

He saw the cab and the two men get in, and the train had started, and the guards who carried the prisoner was over, he strode across the platform to the station, and said:

"Who is the young girl you have confined in charge of the police?"

"This, sir! why, a most notorious criminal, sir; as has just been taken in London; by name Miss Lenton, sir; more's the pity, for it's a noble one to end in shame and ruin."

"Miss Lenton!—not of Allworth Abbey?—not the daughter of Lord Lenton?" demanded the stranger in the strongest agitation.

"Oh, Lord, no, sir; not the daughter of Lord Lenton, but his niece. Lord, sir, haven't you heard about it? I thought the story had gone all over England."

"I have but just arrived in the country, and know nothing of the affair, but I am interested

THE NEW-YORK LEDGER

to hearing the particulars, if you will do me the favor of relating them."

"Oh, yes, sir, certainly, with great pleasure," said the man.

And it was judged with very great pleasure that he commenced and related in a perfectly fresh brazen the oft-repeated awful tragedy of Ailworth Abbey.

The stranger listened with the deepest interest. At the conclusion of the narrative, he said:

"The circumstances, indeed, seem to point out the young Enders Ailworth as the murderer; but from the glimpse I caught of her lovely face, she is just the last person in the world I should suspect of crime.

"Oh, sir, we mustn't judge by appearances. Who looked more innocent nor William Palmer? He had just the most reverent and benevolent face as ever was seen."

"I know nothing of the man of whom you speak; but the face of this young girl is certainly not that of a murderer. And so I should like you to name over to me every individual of the Grandgrecian circle at the time of the murder, at the time of Lord Lester's sudden death."

"Yes, sir; that is easily done, for there were very few—Lord and Lady Lester, their only child, Miss Lester; their niece, Miss Enders, and their guest, the Honorable Mr. Fenton."

"Humph! And the domestic establishment; can you call its members over by name?"

"Lord, yes, sir! ever since that dreadful affair every individual member of that household is well known to everybody," replied the man, who immediately began and gave a list of all the maid and man servants in or about Ailworth Abbey.

"Humph," said the stranger again; and then, after a few moments' pause, he arose, and thanked the narrator for his information, put a crown piece in his hand, and requested him to call a cab.

The man touched his hat, hurried away, and soon returned with the cab.

"To the Lesson Arms," said the stranger as he entered the cab and threw himself back among the cushions.

Meanwhile Enders Lesson, in charge of the two policemen, was carried into the town.

It was considered too late to take her before a magistrate, or even Judge her in the county gaol, which had been closed for the night.

The policemen therefore conveyed her to a rude but strong station, or lock-up house, where drunkards, brawlers, thieves, and other disturbers of the night were confined until morning.

Enders was thrust into a large stone room, with white washen plaster laid upon the walls and the ceiling, and rude oaken benches ranged along the walls. This apartment was without fire, beds, or separate cells.

It was occupied by about half-a-dozen profound women and various children, some of whom lay extended along the benches in the slight sleep of intoxication, while others were restlessly about engaged in desultory conversation.

As soon as Enders was brought into the room these latter took a look at her, and as though she had been a vision from another world.

Truly, she was a strange visitant of such a place as this.

In a moment, however, they seemed to have fixed upon her kinship, and began in an eager whispering concerning her supposed crimes and punishment also.

As soon as the policemen had gone, and the strong oaken door was locked and barred upon her, and she found herself alone among these wretched outcasts, for and looking outside of a sound, and she retreated to the remotest corner of the hall, where she crouched down upon the bench, and covered her face with her veil.

But Enders had to learn in her misery that human cupidities still lived in the most wretched hearts of those poor women, and though they seemed to all higher feelings.

While shrinking in horror from the sight and hearing of these lost creatures, Enders became a easy whisper to another:

"Go to her, Nance, you're the youngest of the lot, and maybe she'll not be frightened of you. Go to her, there's a good lass; see, she's alut used to biting in a place like this."

"I dunnot like to go, Poll. She's a lady, and I dunnot like to."

"But she is in trouble with the rest of us, Nance, and she's a stranger to the place, with no one to speak to. Go to her, there's a dear lass."

"Well, if you'll go with me and speak first."

"Me! look at me, with my torn gown and my black eye; I should scare the soul out of the likes of her," said Poll, laughing.

Both the women's see'em; 'elden if all's true as is said of her, she'ain't strange to be sorrow, and whatsoever she has done, I am sorry for her, reading as she is in about the deepest trouble as any woman could be in! so let's both go and comfort her."

One touch of sympathy as well as nature makes all the world of kin.

Enders's heart was touched; but though pretty by comfort in observing that she was not the object of impurity, and though Enders still shuddered at these women, she controlled her, put the pair aside her veil and looked gratefully to-wo.'s them.

"Come, then, don't be downcast; keep up a good heart in your bosom. Whatever you have locked up here, and comes afore the beak, as is never easy to do, 'tisna' as you can't get away, tried at the 'sizes as are never convicted, and more counted as are never exonerated. So you see, my poor dear, as there are no one to blame one in your favor.

"And I am so guilty; that also should be in my favor," said poor Enders, glad of any sympathy.

"To be sure you ain't, my dear! You ain't guilty, and supposing you did poison your uncle's family! We ain't any on us guilty of anything in particular, no more nor we do. It's society as is guilty of everything, as I myself heard the Lord proved by a philanthropping gumman as spoke to the people on Pledgernor Common," said the enlightened Poll.

"But I did not poison my uncle's family. Oh! my God! how can anyone think so, and do such a thing," said Enders, shuddering.

"Why, dear, I don't ask you to confess, which would be unreasonable; but I do tell you that it makes no difference to me; I pities you all the same whether you did poison 'em or not. For, maybe, you couldn't help it; and maybe they deserved poisoning, 'cause 'why' is many times more agrowating nor-nuts and mice, as everyone allows is to be lawful to poison; and maybe they trumpled on you being of an orphan niece. And lastly—and all-in-all, you're afore us to blame for it all, as the philanthropphying gumman said at Pledgernor Common. So, my darling, you just keep up your heart. And here, take a drop of comfort to help you to do so. Here is some rale 'mountain dew' as will put up your spirits just about right. Take it up," said Poll, diving into the depths of a capacious pocket and drawing forth a flask, which she unstopped and offered to Enders.

But the frame of the girl were so repulsive to the latter that she waved it away, saying:

"I thank you; you are very kind, indeed; but I do not require anything."

"Well, if you won't take the gin, you must lie down and rest anyhow; for you look just about ready to faint away. Well make you the best bed as we can in this miserable hole. Come, Nance, lend me your shawl; and look me yours, my dear. You must be good to a poor girl as is in a thousand times deeper trouble nor we are ourselves, 'cause our lives is not in danger as hers be," said Poll, stripping the shawl from her own shoulders and folding and laying it on the rude bench, and rolling Nance's shawl into a bolster, and retaining Peg's for a blanket.

"Now, my darling, take off your bonnet, and loosen your clothes, and spread your pockets handkerchief over your face, and try to take some rest, and you'll be all the better able to face the trouble to-morrow."

"I thank you; you are very, very good to me; and I know that the best thing I can do is lie down as you advise me," said Enders, with much emotion, for she had scarcely hoped to meet such tender sympathy from such rude natures.

And she took off her bonnet, unbuttoned the bodice of her dress, and laid her weary frame down on the little bed that their kindness had prepared for her.

Poll covered her carefully with Peg's shawl, and then folding her own shawl for a pillow for companions to the forlorn end of the room, where they conversed in low whispers, for fear of disturbing "the poor young lady."

Left to herself, Enders composed her mind to prayer; and, as the prayers of innocence always bring comfort, something of the despair, grief, and terror of her position, the poor girl sank into a stronger sleep than she had known in a deep sleep.

## CHAPTER XV.

### LADY LESTER.

Oh, God! that one night can the bank of fate
Bear such a freight of anguish as mine!
Make shipwrecks here, and be unseen
Of the whole world around!
Are the eyes and ears of all things dead,
Or turned from my appalling fate?
Or is there mercy in heaven?
SHAKESPEARE.

Clearly broke the morning light through the small windows of the lock-up house. The beams of the rising sun shot slanting through the bars, shone upon the wretched inmates of the cells, and upon the bonnie, some sounded upon the floor, but all in hue grayer.

Enders, lying covered up carefully in her remote corner of the bench, slept on, long after those of the sun, she continued to sleep soundly.

An hour or two passed without anything disturbing the quiet of the prison, until at length the falling of the bolts, the unbarring of the entrance of the policemen, awoke the sleepers, who commenced to stir and yawn until aroused.

Enders was thrust into a large stone room, with small windows placed high up against the ceiling, and rude oaken benches ranged along the walls. This apartment was without fire, beds, or separate cells.

It was occupied by about half-a-dozen profound women and various children, some of whom lay extended along the benches in the slight sleep of intoxication, while others were restlessly about engaged in desultory conversation.

As soon as Enders was brought into the room these latter took a look at her, and as though she had been a vision from another world.

Truly, she was a strange visitant of such a place as this.

In a moment, however, they seemed to have fixed upon her kinship, and began in an eager whispering concerning her supposed crimes and punishment also.

As soon as the policemen had gone, and the strong oaken door was locked and barred upon her, and she found herself alone among these wretched outcasts, for and looking outside of a sound, and she retreated to the remotest corner of the hall, where she crouched down upon the bench, and covered her face with her veil.

But Enders had to learn in her misery that human cupidities still lived in the most wretched hearts of those poor women, and though they seemed to all higher feelings.

While shrinking in horror from the sight and hearing of these lost creatures, Enders became a easy whisper to another:

"Go to her, Nance, you're the youngest of the lot, and maybe she'll not be frightened of you. Go to her, there's a good lass; see, she's alut used to biting in a place like this."

"I dunnot like to go, Poll. She's a lady, and I dunnot like to."

"But she is in trouble with the rest of us, Nance, and she's a stranger to the place, with no one to speak to. Go to her, there's a dear lass."

"Well, if you'll go with me and speak first."

"Me! look at me, with my torn gown and my black eye; I should scare the soul out of the likes of her," said Poll, laughing.

Both the women's see'em; 'elden if all's true as is said of her, she'ain't strange to be sorrow, and whatsoever she has done, I am sorry for her, reading as she is in about the deepest trouble as any woman could be in! so let's both go and comfort her."

One touch of sympathy as well as nature makes all the world of kin.

Enders's heart was touched; but though pretty by comfort in observing that she was not the object of impurity, and though Enders still shuddered at these women, she controlled her, put the pair aside her veil and looked gratefully to-wo.'s them.

"Come, then, don't be downcast; keep up a good heart in your bosom. Whatever you have locked up here, and comes afore the beak, as is never easy to do, 'tisna' as you can't get away, tried at the 'sizes as are never convicted, and more counted as are never exonerated. So you see, my poor dear, as there are no one to blame one in your favor.

"And I am so guilty; that also should be in my favor," said poor Enders, glad of any sympathy.

"To be sure you ain't, my dear! You ain't guilty, and supposing you did poison your uncle's family! We ain't any on us guilty of anything in particular, no more nor we do. It's society as is guilty of everything, as I myself heard the Lord proved by a philanthropping gumman as spoke to the people on Pledgernor Common," said the enlightened Poll.

"But I did not poison my uncle's family. Oh! my God! how can anyone think so, and do such a thing," said Enders, shuddering.

"Why, dear, I don't ask you to confess, which would be unreasonable; but I do tell you that it makes no difference to me; I pities you all the same whether you did poison 'em or not. For, maybe, they couldn't help it; and maybe they deserved poisoning, 'cause 'why' is many times more agrowating nor-nuts and mice, as everyone allows is to be lawful to poison; and maybe they trumpled on you being of an orphan niece. And lastly—and all-in-all, you're afore us to blame for it all, as the philanthropphying gumman said at Pledgernor Common. So, my darling, you just keep up your heart. And here, take a drop of comfort to help you to do so. Here is some rale 'mountain dew' as will put up your spirits just about right. Take it up," said Poll, diving into the depths of a capacious pocket and drawing forth a flask, which she unstopped and offered to Enders.

But the frame of the girl were so repulsive to the latter that she waved it away, saying:

"I thank you; you are very kind, indeed; but I do not require anything."

Sims then laid the warrant upon the table before their worships, and retreated behind the chair of his master.

Sir Ira Brunton adjusted his spectacles, took up the document, and read it aloud in a solemn, ringing the accused, said, coldly:

"Will you please to throw aside your veil, Miss Lesson?"

Enders, with trembling fingers, obeyed, and revealed a face so ghastly in its pallor, that those who looked upon it shrunk back with instinctive clamations of pity, for they thought the girl was dying.

"Miss Lesson," pursued Sir Ira Brunton, handsome of one of the most heinous crimes in the murder, by the administration of poison, of her uncle, Lord Lester, and also upon her cousin, the Hon. Agatha Lesson. I must say that I grieve exceedingly to see one of your age and sex and rank stood before us charged with such a crime.

The deadly roller of Enders's cheeks were suddenly flushed with a hectic spot, as she faltered out in reply:

"I am guiltless; oh, sir, you who have known me since I first came to, as orphan, to this strange land, should know that I am."

"Miss Lesson, I am sorry prove so," said the magistrate, sternly.

The young girl sunken immediately commenced. First, the minutes of the coroner's inquest were read, and then the witnesses were examined in turn.

The housekeeper, Mrs. Voss, was called, and with many tears and much reluctance, gave in this evidence:

"That Miss Enders Lesson was the niece of Lord Lester, and Miss Agatha Lesson, and had been to the estate. Miss Enders, and Lord Lester through his first illness, preparing all his medicines, and giving them to him with her hands. She prepared the sleeping draught of which Lord Lester died, and gave before his eyes to death. Miss Enders also nursed Miss Agatha through her illness, which consequent in death all its symptoms to that of the late Lord Lester. Miss Enders prepared the draught which was the last night of her life, and prepared the draught which was also drank just before her death. Lady Lesson drank of the same beverage which Miss Enders also drank."

Squire Upton inquired:

"Was the draught containing the beverage left out of the prisoner's keeping from the time of its preparation by her hands until it was drunk by one's death?"

"It was not," said Mrs. Enders prepared the drink in the housekeeper's room, and took it to her own room, where the prisoner, Miss Enders, watched through the night," replied Mrs. Voss.

Several others among the domestic servants were examined, and each one, in a manner of less degree, corroborated the testimony of the housekeeper.

The two witnesses examined was the family physician, Dr. Watkins, who testified that the symptoms of the last illness of Lord Lester, which successively terminated in the death of the latter, corresponded with those of Agatha Enders Lesson, and of which they drank just before their death, and that the poison by means of the same fatal drug was found in Miss Enders Lesson's room.

The testimony of the doctor was corroborated by the chemist, who had been called upon to the autopsy of the bodies and the analysis of the contents of the stomachs of the poisoned, who had received the warrant and discovered the poison in Enders's possession.

The last witness examined was the Frisbey Pemblico, Mr. Watkins, who testified that the prisoner, Miss Enders Lesson, had been discovered in the autopsy of the dead bodies and the whole party was into a gloomy-looking state of

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

## SONG.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Minstrel, flash on more and battle
Through the passion of thy lyre;
For the gentle sire and embrace
Leave the victor's baleful fire:
Ask you what shall stir your numbers?
What shall lift your spirit's wing?
What the theme of joy and rapture
Then for me, this night, must sing?
Sing the cold, but blissful love mystic,
Sing the pomegranated heart;
Sing the loving, pure household,
Sing the sweet rose of the Heart!

II.

We have had enough of cycles,
Shaking with the fire of Strife;
Why, oh why, must man forever
Trouble thus the storm of life?
Leave the heaven sword to demons,
Keep up thou Eden mood!
Let the true bard's holy mission
To humanize the world be,
Singing of the bloodless mystic;
Singing of the mystic rose;
Singing love in quiet households,
And the sweet rose of the Heart!

## A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

BY STEPHEN COZZENS, JR.

My friend was captain of one of the mail steamers plying between New Orleans and Mobile. He was a man of few words, but much silence, and among other adventures which had befallen him, he related to me the following:

I had been engaged on board the steamer a considerable time, and was then serving in the capacity of mate. During the first few months I had been rather afraid of the captain by gaslight. I had heard so many stories of robberies and murders, and of vessels mysteriously attacked from mere wantonness, that I preferred to keep myself as safe as possible. Consequently I spent the night at a hotel, where the officers of various steamers had accustomed to resort, and sometimes I went to the theatre. Although, however, as I became acquainted with the city, the old timidity wore off, and I finally accompanied some of my brother officers to places where the more startling episodes of real life in the city occurred. From the hotels we went to the theatre; and from the theatre we went to some of the most famous gambling houses.

Before me, my friend, to inform you here that I am not a gamester. I have played a little, as I shall be obliged to confess; but the sum total of my losses, from boyhood to manhood, does not reach a dozen dollars.

On the third or fourth visit to the gaming-house, one of my companions laughingly proposed that we should make a small venture at the Faro-table. With a smile I put my face I down a quarter-eagle. The banker seized me I at a hint upon the game. I think I was then admonished to put my money fairly upon the card. I pushed the piece further on, and the confusion I exhibited must have informed the bystanders that I was slightly verdant concerning the rules, regulations, and mysteries of the Faro-bank. The banker began to slide the cards, and presently he drew in the place of gold which I had ventured, and three dollars in its place on ivory cheque representing five dollars. I had won. I smiled at my success, and the cards were next shuffled, I placed my cheque back upon the queen. I was again successful. I smiled; for the thought that I was gambling all the while had not entered my mind. I was sport—expert at a new and exciting kind. I bet upon the queen again, and again I won. Another smile and a chuckle followed. It was not likely that the same card would win again; so I made my venture upon the ace. The queen lost, and the ace won. At the end of an hour I had won seventy-five or eighty dollars, and then I went with my companions to the hotel, where we spent another hour before repairing to our boat.

After this I frequently accompanied my friend to the gaming-house; and I became further adventurous at the Faro-bank. A love of the excitement grew upon me before I was aware of it—grew upon me so strongly that more than once I remained in the gaming-house long after my companions had left. One evening four of us officers were at the St. Charles, and after supper the question was started as to how we should dispose of the next few hours. Two were for the theatre, and two for the gaming-house. What should we decide? As neither party seemed willing to give up, it was finally arranged that we should go into as our inclinations led us. Two went to the theatre, and two started for the gaming-house. I was one of the latter. My companion was capable of any error into which, before we set out he informed me that he meant to go board by midnight, as he was not sure of his self-control. This was all pleasant to me, as I had already made up my mind that I should be in my own state-room before the hour he had mentioned. So off we went, and presently the Third Municipality, near a mile and a half from our house, we found ourselves in the thronged, dimly-lighted room, and observed the progress of the different games, and finally settled at the Faro-table, where I made a venture, which was successful. I made another venture, and was successful again. Then I made my seventy-dollars worth of cheques.

What I found with my cheques there were several players beside myself at the table. Two of them were unmistakable rogues, and four of them were either merchants, or gentlemen of that stamp. There may have been gamblers by profession—regular blacklegs—but that doesn't matter. They appeared to be gentlemen, and certainly they behaved as such. The seventh man at the table was a stranger, and there were more than an overabundance of apparent gentility in his appearance. I should not have stopped where he was. He was evidently a boatman, and when I had noted that fact, I made up my mind that he was a Hoosier. He had come down from the Ohio with his flat-boat, and sold his cargo and his useless lumber, and was now on a bit of a "time." He was truly a rough-looking customer. He must have stood six feet and two or three inches high, with a frame that, in its shoulders were broad and heavy, his arms long and muscular, and his hands so large and hard that it was difficult for him to close them into cheques. Of his face but little was to be seen, the lower part of it being covered with a long, long beard of a grizzly color, while the upper part was shaded by the immense brim of a broad rim of an old felt hat. I could see his eyes, and they were keen and bright enough. They looked black when in the deepest shade, but when his head was turned so that the light struck upon the fire, they seemed to have a metallic lustre, changing from steel to brass. Presently those eyes were turned upon me with a threatening look, the owner seeming to intimate that I had stared at him about long enough. At any rate I took it as a hint, and went on with my play.

My luck was changeful. I won, and then I lost. Then I won once more, and then I lost again. Finally I touched the queen with a dozen cheques, worth five dollars each, and won. The Hoosier had staked twelve cheques on the queen. He lost, and the banker pushed the pile on the queen over to me. I let the twenty-four cheques remain where they were, and the Hoosier put down twelve upon the queen. At this point my companion came and told me that it was time to gulp. I was too much excited with the play to leave the table then, and I told him so with a wink for one. The queen lost—the brave won—and again the banker passed to me the twenty-four cheques. I won and lost.

Once more my companion asked me if I would go with him. I told him I could not. He went away without me.

Forty-eight cheques were upon the knave, in fact stacks.

"Stranger, do you go them yer—oil?"

The Hoosier asked me this question, at the same time pointing to my cheques. I told him, yes. He bought more cheques, and placed a number upon the knave upon the queen.

"This yer board must win some time," he muttered, as he watched the cards slide from the ivory, and then he added, gimneing over at my pile, "an' that yer knave's got to lose after so much elder."

The dealer began to throw off the cards again. The knave came first. It had won. The queen came next. The banker turned it upon his left hand—the bank won—the Hoosier lost. As before, the cheques which came from the queen were passed over to me.

I hesitated—myself, myself was upon me, and I could not break it. I piled up the cheques—forty-six of them—and ventured upon the card the knave again. The Hoosier eyed me sharply, and then tossed a like amount upon the queen.

"This yer board must win some time," he muttered, as he watched the cards slide from the ivory, and then he added, gimneing over at my pile, "an' that yer knave's got to lose after so much elder."

The dealer began to throw off the cards again. The knave came first. It had won. The queen came next. The banker turned it upon his left hand—the bank won—the Hoosier lost. As before, the cheques which came from the queen were passed over to me.

I hesitated—

# THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1861.

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## THOUGHTS ON MUSIC FOR YOUNG LADIES.

As many thousands of our females receive their play on the piano and sing more or less, perhaps some random words on the use and SCIENCE OF MUSIC may not be amiss in our columns. The first thing to a correct appreciation of music, so that it be rendered with expression in singing or playing, is to define its meaning. Vocal music, to be good for anything, should be an artistic highlighting of the tones and inflections of the human voice in the expression of passion and emotion. Persons differ from emotion in the lasting effects. Love, young ladies consider lasting, and is a passion; grief, with them, is generally transient, and is a feeling. Spoken words modify this passion and emotion; musical declamation, or singing, modifies the expression by the purity and prolongation of the sounds, but the prevailing voice is prosaic alongside of the gorgeous singing voice when sharply defined and properly allied to style. A primary step to song is to learn to intonate with the voice in the scale. To do so, the instrument which accompanies the voice should always be in good tune. The next thing is to pronounce the words distinctly. This can be done by practice, and not from the top of the throat. As regards expression—let the musical sense indicate the style. In general amateur singers give love, hate, enthusiasm, despair, all in the same manner, with the same inflections and force. Avoid, above all, the nasal tone—the one most sound, which is vulgar and disgusting. Singing should be commenced in childhood, before the piano be studied. By this means the pupil learns to read music at sight—to estimate the value of a piece of single vocal music at least without reference to the piano to try what it sounds like. Expression is not to be looked for in these childish songs, but simply accuracy in determining the pitch and duration of notes, and the habit of pronouncing each syllable well. This much gained, and the way to piano playing is accomplished.

Now, as to piano performance. It seems to us that, as a rule, young ladies, when not taught by superior masters, butcher their musical offerings to Apollo by pulling them pretty fast on the pedal. A pedal touched raises the damper from the strings, and allows the vibration, stopped so soon as the hammer falls down to proceed. The result is, the sound of one chord run into those of another, and dismal dissonance ensues. Such notes on a piano, like each of the human voice, should be distinct. Before one can allow us to lift a pedal inside the throat, and make such complaint. The loud pedal of a piano is simply to prolong a note or chord, because the sound is not sufficient, at the best, even with the pedal, the ordinary notes of which the voice or violin is capable. When the pedal is used, it should only be touched while a particular chord lasts, as soon as a different chord is taken, it should be dropped, and taken again, if one only when extreme loudness is required.

In thirteen, this ordinary abuse of the pedal in piano-playing would be paralleled by presenting a certain document in the following manner: oftimeuverstatthecomencessary, &c., all the words run into one. Every good instructor for the piano is made up of main ideas, or motives, as they are called; the merit of these ideas is their supposed singing or human quality, and all musical instruments have indeed their value in their resemblance to the inflection of the human voice. In playing these ideas the young lady should endeavor to give the expression of the voice; to shade the notes, lighter and heavier according to feeling afforded, and to present interesting effects by insisting on the importance of characteric notes, which are usually to come before the close of phrases. In accompanying the voice, in simple cases out of a hundred, young ladies play the chords too loud; the first note of a measure should be pronounced more or less, and the remaining notes of the chord, which simply give the body to the song, the activity of the movement, and fill the pauses of the melody, should be subordinate, only be affordedless loud, or positively soft.

## WIFE MARKETS.

In England, within the last twenty years, laboring men have been known to take their wives to market, with halters round their necks, and to sell them for prices varying from five shillings sterling to sixpence and a quart of beer, bullocking, in their ignorance, that the cases were legal. And, in fact, a law (of one of the Edwards, we believe) authorized husbands so to dispose of their better halves, did exist on the statute book of the kingdom up to a later period than might be supposed. St. Petersburgh, at the present day, has its annual wife show, to which damsels resort, dressed in all their mothers for the purpose of flickering themselves off to bachelors and widowers in want of partners for life. The Russian women, however, are not put up for sale. On the contrary, they offer themselves as candidates for matrimony, decked in all the jewelry they can muster, and if they chance to possess any "portable property," in the shape of silver spoons, or the like, they carry the same in their hands by way of reinforcing their natural charms with "metal more attractive." Should some proper youth take a fancy to a matron at the wife show, she is only too glad to throw three tribes in with her bust and person—so that the matrimonial bargain, if consummated, is not such a one-sided affair, as it would be, but for this. In Paris the sapajou brokers arrange hundreds of marriages every year, and even in this economy, more people than the uninitiated have any idea of, are spliced through the agency of advertisements.

All this is very improper, unsentimental, and, "not to put too fine a point upon it," revolting to us, after all, is not the usual way. In the country, in a different way, is what is called "good society." It is not blossoming girls, in "blue lights" by the dozen, brought up by scores every season—the constellations of beauty, gathered by hundreds, brown stone fronts, and pin money! It is not a young man going out into society to spy and squiness for such commodities, and the hope of a rich juniress, wherewith to endow a more desirable husband in the good time coming; it is not a young man's slippered pantaloon, with well-filled pockets, go at any time into the fashionable with must, and select from the best the market affords? And once seen, courted and ultimated virgin, or dilapidated widow, will grow old of the misfortune at comparatively but a handsome young fellow with a black moustache on his lip, and some poor jilted girl's heart to spy and squiness for such commodities, and the hope of a rich juniress, wherewith to endow a more desirable husband in the good time coming; it is not a young man's slippered pantaloon, with well-filled pockets, go at any time into the fashionable with must, and select from the best the market affords? And once seen, courted and ultimated virgin, or dilapidated widow, will grow old of the misfortune at comparatively but a handsome young fellow with a black moustache on his lip, and some poor jilted girl's heart to his brave, whenever to enter a room is a

## LET MY NAME BE SPOKEN.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

Let my name be spoken, friends, dearest friends,
Let my name be spoken in the sincerest tones,
When now ye meet, and love and memory blend,
With smiles and music to the time of flowers.

Let my name be spoken, friends, sweetest friends!
I may not soon pass in your blooming bowers
Across the noise my lingering love I send,
Remember me amid your joys of summer.

Let my name be spoken! In the long, long hours,
Since we were parted I have yearned for you,
Yearned for your kind smile of royal cheer,
Fashioned of sunshine, melody, and love.

Let my name be spoken! For in cold-world pains,
By alien lips the life passed unnoted,
Sweet friends who love me through the changing days,
You shall know, low syllable in sound!

Unheard the world's voice long and loud,
The world's quick answer if the precious few,
God number me even, called on from the crowd,
Fold me in love as in the arms of Jesus.

Let my name be spoken, friends, dearest friends!
Let my name be spoken with a thrill or two,
With love's shadow, as the love is true,
From my deep heart, to sweeten life for you.

# THE TRIAD;
## OR,
# ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

### A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION

BY LIEUT. HENRY L. LANGFORD.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

ALL SPECKLESS.

On the morning of the 30th of September, a party of horsemen came towards the Hudson River, about a mile away from the house where Arnold lived.

They were the American generals, who were on their return from Hartford from their interview with the French commander. They had been disappointed in their operations, but the beauty of the scenery and the freshness of the air filled them with joyous vivacity.

At the point Washington turned off the road toward the river.

"Where are you going, General?" said Lafayette.

"Where are you going?" said Washington, with a smile.

"Why, we are going up to Arnold's, and you are on the wrong road. You had better keep along, for Mrs. Arnold will be waiting breakfast."

"Ah," said Washington, "you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold. I see you are eager to have her as soon as possible. Come and breakfast with her, and tell her not to wait for me. I must ride down and examine the redoubts on this side of the river, but will be with her shortly."

Lafayette and General Knox turned off with Washington, but Colonel Hamilton and another officer kept on, and presented Washington's compliments.

Arnold and his wife, with the two officers, then sat down to breakfast. Mrs. Arnold appeared to have recovered some of her spirits, and was quite lively. The general, however, was singularly gloomy.

Clara was overcome by grief, and could not appear in company. She sat in her room and looked out upon the river. She gave herself up to the direst forebodings of evil, and thought that in a few brief days all would be over.

The arrest of Washington had brought terror to two hearts in that house.

To Clara it was like the death-knell of her lover. All would soon be over. Perhaps on that very day he would be led to death. Perhaps, from her upper windows, she would hear the rolls of the death volley that would lay him low.

Arnold was equally moved.

On that very day it was arranged that the British fleets should move up the river and make the attack upon West Point, which, after a much resistance, was to be given up. But now the arrival of Washington and the others would throw all this into confusion, perhaps put it off forever.

The papers which had been found in Andrés possession had been sent off by Washington to Hartford, but as he had left a few days earlier than he had intended, he had not arrived. He was therefore in total ignorance of all that had occurred, and so of course his ill conscience. They were much surprised at Arnold's tactless manner, but attributed it to his habitual want of tact, and still remained remembrances of injury.

In the midst of this came a messenger arrived with a letter.

It was Gondo.

It was a letter from Lieut.-Colonel Jamison, giving Arnold the intelligence of André's capture—the most astonishing act of stupidity on record, since it was as public as day that Arnold was merely visiting Miss André.

Arnold caught Gondo's eye. He read his fate in that glance.

He opened the letter calmly. He read it through from beginning to end, and received the awful intelligence that every word annexed into his soul. Without a moan of agony, he went through it all, and received the stroke which would have overwhelmed and annihilated a powerful soul.

He rose from the table in the same unmoved way, and went up to Mrs. Arnold's room. Then he sent a servant to summon Gondo.

She went up wondering and fearing. As soon as she caught sight of her husband's face, she trembled.

"I am ruined!" he gasped, in tones that thrilled through every nerve with inexplicable horror. I have betrayed my country. All is discovered. Instant flight only can save me from a traitor's death!"

Mrs. Arnold shrieked, and fell headlong to the floor.

Arnold rushed out, and meeting a servant, sent him up to his wife. Clara heard the cry, and rushed into her friend.

The messenger's horse was standing at the door. Arnold sprang on and leaped into the saddle. Like an arrow he darted down the path toward the river. His boat was moored there, and he embarked at once, ordering his boatmen to row as they could to Teller's Point.

A few moments after his departure, Washington returned from his short tour, and entered the house.

He was informed that the general had just gone over to West Point to meet him, and that Mrs. Arnold was sick. After a few words, Washington left, and went over to West Point to see Arnold, whom he expected to find there.

All was silent.

He drew near in wonder. No salute was fired, no preparations were made, no reception of any kind had been prepared for him.

Only one officer came down the bank to meet him, and he appeared to be overcome with surprise at seeing him.

"If I had only known you were coming," said he, "you should not have had such a reception as this."

"Why? Is not General Arnold here?"

"No—he has not been here for two days."

"That is indeed singular," said Washington. "They carefully told me at the house that he had come over here."

"He has not been here."

"And what is more perplexing, they said he had come here to meet me."

"It is strange," said the officer; "perhaps you misunderstood Gondo."

"No," said Washington, "I remember the very words they used. However, since I am here, I will wait, and no doubt he will be over before long."

Washington remained there, but still Arnold did not come. He examined the fortress, and inspected all the works. He was much perplexed at Arnold's conduct, but of course suspected nothing.

After remaining until dinner-time he prepared to return.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

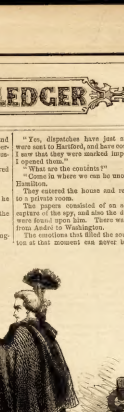
PURSUIT.

As Washington approached Arnold's house he met Hamilton, who was hurrying down.

He was troubled, and his face denoted the deepest agitation.

"I was just hurrying to find you."

"Has anything taken place?" asked Washington calmly.



AN UNEXECUTED WISH.

"Yes, dispatches have just arrived. They were sent to Hartford, and have come back again. I saw that they were marked important, and so I opened them."

"What are the contents?"

"Gondo is where we can be unobserved," said Hamilton.

They entered the house and retired at once to a private room.

The papers consisted of an account of the capture of the spy, and also the documents that were found upon him. There was also a letter from André to Washington.

The emotions that filled the soul of Washington at that moment can never be known. To say that he was astonished, is but a weak term. He was thunderstruck. He was horrified. He was terrified. He was overwhelmed. He was confounded. He was bewildered. He was amazed. He was perplexed. He was dismayed. He was disconcerted. He was disappointed. He was chagrined. He was mortified. He was humiliated. He was abashed. He was ashamed. He was confused. He was disgusted. He was shocked. He was pained. He was grieved. He was distressed. He was afflicted. He was saddened. He was depressed. He was dejected. He was disheartened. He was discouraged. He was disgraced. He was ruined. He was undone. He was lost.

He was all this, and more than all this. He was all this, and yet he was not. He was all this, and yet he was himself. He was all this, and yet he was Washington.

He was all this, and yet he was the same Washington who had been all his life before.

He was all this, and yet he was the same Washington who had been all his life before.

He was all this, and yet he was the same Washington who had been all his life before

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

"Good God! I hope not!" cried Andrè, in a tone that surprised Harry.

"It is a cursed plot," said Harry, "and I am murdered by it."

"How was it?"

"Arnold determined me to having treasonable communication with the enemy, and the strongest proof against me was my visit to your camp. All Arnold's own particular treasons and plots were declared on me. He was the judge, a creature of his own villanies, and you see the result. I am condemned as a spy, and expect every day to be shot or hung, I don't know which."

While he was speaking, Andrè looked at him with wonder and horror.

"Can it be possible that this man Arnold is so base as this?" he cried.

"Base!" exclaimed Harry; "he is equal to the devil himself!"

"And I have been drawn into this man's service," said Andrè, bitterly; "through him I have thrown my life away!"

"What! you too? What do you mean?"

"Have you been acting?"

"Not a word."

"Nothing of my affair?"

"No."

"Why, my dear fellow, you are safe—you will be delivered—you are free!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Arnold's treason is all known. He has fled to the British army, to Sir Henry Clinton, and the whole country is rising up in one grand outburst of fury against the traitor."

"Oh, heavens!" cried Temple, as the full importance of this revelation burst upon his mind.

"My innocence will appear. I will be pardoned!"

"Without doubt, and soon, too," said Andrè.

"But how do you know all this?"

"I have this book, reason in the world to know it, since I am the unfortunate wretch who came to get Arnold's proposals, and on my way back I was caught. He heard the news in time to escape, and on my way here I learned what I have told you."

Harry was astonished and shocked. The mournful tone of Andrè pierced him to the heart. Arnold's duplicity, and the contemptible treatment of himself affected him deeply, and now, when he saw his friend thus thrown into captivity, and sinking into despair, he could not refrain from grief.

Andrè saw all that, in spite of himself, and told him all about the letters of Guerrieu and Anderson, the officious zeal, and against the wish of the latter, the deepening of the plot, and the treason of Van Wert.

He then related the unsuccessful attempts which they had made to hold interviews with him secretly and the final catastrophe with Paulding.

Then he recounted his dread experience. He grew paler as his mind went back over those hours of peril, and he slowly spoke of the overwhelming dangers that environed him on all sides with a darkness and horror that raised a sense of horror in Harry's mind. That fearful journey, with all its agonizing concealments and dread and fears, its incessant suspense, its intolerable anguish, all of which were going to be ended by the final arrest, seemed more fearful than anything that he had ever imagined.

Then the story of his arrest followed, and Harry hung upon his words with a fearful interest, learning how those three relentless and indefinite pursuers dogged him like the ghosts of his guilt, and promptly seemed his bribes.

When he ended, Harry drew a long breath.

"It is a horrible tragedy," he exclaimed. "It takes away my breath. I shudder as I think of such an ordeal as this."

"And what," cried Andrè, "must have been my feelings while passing through it?"

Then they talked of Harry's prospect of delivery, and the chances for and against Andrè's escape. The night passed pleasantly, and Harry was at one time even charmed by Andrè's sensibility, high spirits, and noble soul which distinguished the character of Andrè.

## CHAPTER XLI.

### THE HOUR OF FEAR.

Before dawn a noise aroused Harry, who had sunk to sleep.

The prison door slowly opened. A gloomy message had come. Harry was to leave. The sergeant's order for his deliverance. There could be no mistaking, for it bore the well-known signature of Washington.

Andrè, who had not closed his eyes all night, rose, full of sympathy, and congratulated his friend.

"I knew it would be so," said he; "I told you so."

Harry was eager to leave, as he bade farewell to Andrè, and bade him to cheer up, since, undoubtedly, his friends would make extraordinary efforts to release him.

Andrè sighed, and said he would try to hope. Then Harry left.

It was scarcely daylight yet, but as he was crossing the yard he was surprised to see Andrè busy over the purple hills, and throwing out long floods of gray in a rare and luminous glow. At the sentry who halted in the gateway to let him pass, the river came winding down like a flood of molten gold.

In the first flush of freedom, Harry caught new inspiration from the scene. He was surprised at the meeting with Clara, and wondered how she could know where he was, what she could do and say, and all the future delighted him even more than before.

As he landed, he looked up at Clara's window, half hoping to see her face. But the blind was down, and he was disappointed.

Then he went up to the house. Early as it was, the door was open. He was too impatient to wait, so he said to the maid-servant whom he saw:

"Will you be so good as to step up-stairs, and let Miss Clara know that I am here?"

He waited for some time impatiently.

At last the servants came back in a kind of consternation.

"Miss Clara is not there!"

"Not there!"

"No."

"Not in her room?"

"No—not in any of the rooms. Mrs. Arnold says she rode her good night last night, and she thought she went to bed."

Strange fears rose in Harry's mind.

"Have you looked over the house?" said he.

"All over—but I'll go again."

Bewildered and terrified at this new trouble, Harry looked drearily at the window, as though he were expected. He did not wish to show by his attitude till the servant reappeared.

"Oh, sir!" said the girl, thoroughly frightened, "she slat nowhere; and I know she was here as late as last night."

"My God!" cried Harry; "what can become of her?"

By this time all the servants were aroused. One of them suddenly remembered hearing some one knock at the door about six o'clock last evening, and ask for Miss Clara, but she did not notice whether she went out or not. She now supposes that she must have done so.

Unable to endure the grief of his new calamity, Harry rushed out of the house. He wandered all around. He looked into the river, and through the grove, and down the well.

But his search was vain.

While he was standing by the gate, he saw some one up the road coming toward the house.

It was an old woman, apparently Indian, with coarse, white hair, and thin, attenuated frame. Her eyes were bloodshot, her hands clenched, her clothes disordered, and she was covered with dust.

"Hoste! hoste!" she cried, to Temple—from the house!"

Temple hurried toward her.

"Up!" he cried, "where is Clara?"

Up gasped for breath.

"Gone!" she cried.

"Where?"

"I have found the track."

"Where has she gone?"

"She was carried off," said Up, hurriedly. "I have been on a journey. I came back by the road. I have just arrived. I heard up the road that she was gone."

"Where—oh where has she gone?"

"Oh hoste! I will show you how she can be tracked and found. She must have been beguiled from her house. There is only one who would do it."

"Who?" cried Harry.

"Gondo."

Harry gnashed his teeth.

"Hoste!" cried Up, again, while despairing tones. "Come on—there is no time to waste. If we follow fast we may catch them."

"Oh, yes. But, heaven help us, how can we find the track?"

"Get the men, and I will get something that will smell," said Up, and, leaving him, she set off on the top of her speed.

Harry hesitated not a moment. There were brave men in the place, and among them were those very men who knew the Indian character. Up was sought. He heard the news in time to escape, and on my way here I learned what I have told you.

Harry was astonished and shocked. The mournful tone of Andrè pierced him to the heart. Arnold's duplicity, and the contemptible treatment of himself affected him deeply, and now, when he saw his friend thus thrown into captivity, and sinking into despair, he could not refrain from grief.

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"Well, you see, the fast thing I did in the morning was to take my rifle and break for my traps. I reckoned I got within a half a mile of the camp, when I heard the most dreadful yelling and howlings I ever heard afore. I knowed in a minit, I was a hearing Injun, and thinks I, 'here'll be fun!'

"Sure enough, when I reached the redoubt I got sight of the varmint, and I reckon there was the biggest I ever set my eyes on afore, and I seen mostly a score of 'em in my time in these parts. But I never knowed any so near the clevirigs of the Onroguthite.

"He was an old he painter, and I reckon one of the last of the breed, but my! he was a screamer! clevirigs; and if there's one thing I love better'n another, 'tis to see the squirming and twisting of the cussed critters in the traps afore I dispatch 'em with my knife.

"So I looked on mighty pleased at the howling trap, who made desperate efforts to escape when I hove in sight. But he was sighty, and I have seen my best on a dozen of 'em, and counting old 'Kill-deer' (that's the old rifle, you know) between my knees, as him a short instime on good manners, and warned him of the 'vantages of stealing victuals and getting into my traps. Well, the more I talked, the more the varmint struggled to get away, till after a little while I concluded as discretion and was about to finish him too. But just as I stood looking at me to face to face, I heard a rustling of the fury brown behind me. I turned in a flash, and there was—I'll be hanged if there wasn't a dozen rods off, I seen something creeping and crawling through the bushes, and I reckon it upon them,and where I was sitting. At first I thought it was a b'ar, but I soon found out my varmint; it was, but arter second thought, I reckoned it was another painter.

"He kind to your own blime-by,' said I to the fellow; 'you'll be in a hurry to get there by the time the silence to see to here?' and watching the critter, I seen that he was a-getting ready for a spring upon me, I aimed between his two eyes, and fired them.

"I tell you, gents, that was the quickest job since I was commander. They fought like fury, the old cuss, I never could tell, but the last was the most savage, though the critter of the first scrimmage, and the next I knowed, he was upon me, and I'd never a-knowed his weight, if I hadn't raised the butend of my rifle, and knocked him to the ground. However, the blow broke the rifle in two right in the middle, and I found I only stunned the brute for a little, and afore I could get a fresh load in the gun he was on me. But I had catched up the barrel of my gun, and was ready for him, and I gave him such a welting for now that I'd got a little over the surprise of seeing him, that I reckon he hasn't got over it yet, and was about as cool and quick in my motions as if fighting Injuns was my trade. I reckon I've met the spring of the painter, I heard a yell behind me, and before I could defend myself, crushed down upon me with the weight of a journey, but he brought enough to bear and make Harry's eyes glisten with fierce exultation.

"The fact was, that ere other varmint had left out his part, and in the place of one b'ar there was two, and had fired his pardner in the scrimmage. I was in a fix, I tell you, for I'd only one ear in a tight place, I war Sam Judson, them critters."

"The two painters was now on top of me, and almost afore I knowed where I was, they had clinched me by my body, and I reckon that you'd look at my back, you'd see what they'd been a-doing of, for the claws of the b'ar went in there. At first, I thought I was a-gonner, and there'd be no use of fighting with two such customers as them was; for, of anything, the darned painter with only three sets of claws was the fresh worse even than the sound one that had eleven to fight with. But I didn't, you see, have a match for any humans. But arter one or two of the critters had got their claws into the back in big streams all over my back, I dot's of my sight, and I reckon I was a-getting weak, for I managed to draw it, and pegged away with it till I reckoned I'd done for the varmint with one to the bushes. But the fellow that had been in the bushes was up to a spring, and as he did so a devil for about ten minutes more than the first matter tho' it seemed like an hour to me. Then I got my knife in his throat, and he took to the my eye.

"I was covered with wounds, and the ground about me was slippery with blood—the most I had spent him in all my life, and was faint from pain, and the blood streaming down my back, I'd a-bled to death.

"But blimby I managed by good luck to drive the knife into the heart of the first varmint, and he fell, with a terrible struggle, dead at my feet.

"How'ever, the fight wo'n't ended yet by a long shot—I was now in a worse scrape than all this time 'cause varmints, arter recuperatin' their strength, will be sure to have me, and wouldn't I give them for old kill deer in good earnest, and I reckon that there was no help for it; the savage critter, more vengeful than the small of my blood, crouched for a killing spring.

"I was now getting weak from the loss of blood, and knowed that my life was running out as my right eye, for I knowed that and been a-bleeding from the claws of the painters, and all blood. So I threw myself on one knee, and got my rifle ready, and then I reckoned I waited for the charge.

"Not a minit too soon, though, I reckon! In another second he was upon me, with open mouth and claws, and I reckon that the muzzle of my rifle was buried in his mouth, and I ripped his belly open with a single shot. Then I fell backward, me backwards upon my body, and then the way I'd been a-bleeding for a good hour was nothing was awful. The blood spurted like water, and I felt that I was a-dying, and I reckon I did. The bushes was covered with the painters's. Oh, the latter part was awful! I was in such a fix, I kept clashing away with the knife, and arter a while I reckon I must have was glad to beat off a bit.

"Now, thinks I, that's the last of the varmints, and I reckoned I could then die in peace; but I didn't, you see, I was a-living. So I began to drag myself out of the way a little, when I heard a rustling behind me, and I reckoned that from the dying brute; and the same minute another varmint came down upon me, and I reckoned I was done for, and I'd a-given up, but I didn't, you see, I was so much used to it, and I was so struck, and reached his big paws 'round me. Well, when I was in the same scrape as this struggle I'd have the knife with all the strength I had left, and I reckoned I'd been dragged down by the varmint, and devoured by a gang of bears.

"'Ha, ha! Mr. Shaggy-coat,' thinks I, 'I'll spoil your fun for the future;' and so I went back to the camp, and finished a couple of my big bear traps; and after shooting another deer, and laughs' him in the same order, I set the traps at the foot ou't, and went off about my business.

"I didn't get back from the Harbor till about dark on the next night, so I reckoned I wouldn't look arter the traps till morn'n'.

"Well, you see, the fast thing I did in the morn'n' was to take my rifle and break for my traps. I reckoned I got within a half a mile of the camp, when I heard the most dreadful yellings and howlings I ever heard afore. I knowed in a'n't, I was a hearing Injury, and thinks I, 'here'll be fun!'

"Sure enough, when I reached the redoubt I got sight of the varmint, and I reckon there was the biggest I ever set my eyes on afore, and I seen mostly a score of 'em in my time in these parts. But I never knowed any so near the clevirigs of the Onroguthite.

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## SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERIOUS," "ORPHANAGE," ETC., ETC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.)

### CHAPTER XXIII.

Long-walking love-lock entwines God
Into the same hollow-ring noose.

Clarice—it is almost the last time we shall have occasion to speak of her by that name—was deeply affected by the sad condition of her cousin, whose manly character she had long appreciated and admired. The adventure at Brompton, and its terrible results, called the better feelings of her nature into action; the true-hearted girl felt as if a cable had suddenly fallen from her mental sight. She weighed the happiness of her kind old father, Adam's devotion for her, her own duty, responsibility, against the tinsel glare and artificial excitement of the existence she had hitherto led, and found it worthless in comparison.

Clarice was not the first of her sex, by thousands, whom the love of admiration has led from the true path of life. Happily for herself, the one she had entered was innocent of sin, which is nothing more impenetrable than a hedge-row of gaudy flowers—difficult to see, when entered. There was not a gulf between them.

Neither the reminiscences of the surgeon nor the entreaties of her parent could prevail on her to relate the scene. Her glove was by her defense, or, when, although unconscious of the presence of all around her, repeatedly murmured her name.

"Emma, dear Emma! don't die. Sofe, sofe! I am with you."

Her father, dearly as he loved her, could not help regarding her responsibility—not that she perceived it, poor, kind Mr. Hollis!

About six Adam fell into a heavy sleep, and the surgeon once more addressed his fair nurse.

"I do not require it," she replied.

"You do require it," said she skilful practitioner, gazing the finger on her pulse; "you have received a severe shock, and should, ere now, I fear hesitate."

"*The shock has done me good, sir.*"

The doctor looked surprised.

"My patience is fund of excitement," observed Mr. Brown; "still, I wish you could persuade her to retire. I am with a night when it won't have me. Go, Emma," he added; "remember, you have, in person, to-day."

There was something inexpressibly sad in his accent.

"I will retire," said Clarice, who appeared to have taken a sudden resolution; "but I cannot rest to call me," she added, fixing her eyes anxiously upon the surgeon, "in the slightest change—"

"Faithful," replied the gentleman; "but I do not apprehend any, at least, at present."

For twenty or more the speaker remained watching the sufferer, whose trembling gradually became more calm, and the skin and pulse less feverish. Although Dr. Brown appeared him out of danger, the doctor began to entertain strong hopes of his patient.

"The change is favorable," he whispered to the uncle.

Mr. Brown clasped his hands in silent gratitude. Adam had been in a deep sleep for a hour, had long been the dearest wish of his life to call him by that name.

The clock struck seven—the usual hour for opening the shop. The surgeon's valet descended, intending to take the shutters down himself. As for the bread, he knew that he could find the lunch already drawn—he could rely upon his taste for that; he was perfectly aware of him to be there to serve it to his customers. As the footing of the staircase was a window communicating with the shop. The light informed him that the shutter was already open. He popped through, and could scarcely repress an exclamation of surprise. His daughter, whom he believed to be in her own room, was standing behind the counter, dressed in a plain morning-dress frock; and a cap!!!

"God bless her!" he murmured, at the same time shedding tears of delight, "she is in her right place, after all."

A fond flash suffused the pale cheeks of the dowager.

"But you must be tired," continued the speaker, regarding her tenderly. "Go to your room and rest; I will attend to the customers."

"Do I never them so nobly?" asked his daughter.

"Like an angel," replied her father, with a sigh; for he thought how much easier he would see her there than her of her being as the mistress.

"Allow me to continue them," she added.

"You forget that it is practising day?"

This was the second time Mr. Brown had reminded her of her engagement with Madame Sanfelix, while no consideration had induced her to guard her to neglect.

At this instant two more customers entered the shop.

"Go into breakfast, father," said Clarice; "I will come to you in an instant. You will find everything on this table."

"I wish to speak with you," she added.

Silently wondering what his daughter could have to say to him, the worthy baker, who never disputed even her caprices, walked into the little parlor; but, instead of seating himself, he stood watching her in silent admiration, as she served the lunch.

"What a woman of business," he murmured, "she would make if she could only be induced to!" Still no symptom of that—the detents the very point of trade. I would take years to get over her aversion to it."

In the ordinary course of events, no doubt but it would have done so. It requires years for any one to acquire energy, and persons who have known to turn grey in a single night, and violent antipathies and prejudices have been overcome even in less time.

The old man kissed her fondly when she joined him in the parlor.

"Ah, Emma!" he continued, "if you knew how like your dear mother you look in that pretty cotton dress!"

"Do you like me in it, father?"

"Better than in your lace and spangles."

"I shall wear them again, again," exclaimed his daughter, throwing her arms around his neck. "I have been wicked, ungrateful to you, and yet I did not intend to be so. I never saw myself rightly till last night, or the precipice to which folly and vanity were hurrying me. Poor Adam! you think he will recover? How I have trifled with his feelings, too! You will forgive me? for, with all my waywardness, I always dearly, fondly loved you. Will you not forgive me, father?"

"What! you will abandon the stage—the dancing—the—"

"I loathe them—loathe them now."

"God be praised!" said her parent, pressing

she weeping girl to his heart; "God be praised! You have repaid me a hundred times over for all my cares and sorrows. If the poor boy could only hear you," he added, "it would do him more good than all the doctors in London. He has served for you almost as long and patiently as Jacob did for Rachel."

His present sufferings, even if he recovers, will cure him of his folly," answered Susan, with a sigh.

"You know better than that," replied her father. "He can't get over it, if he would. You don't know what true, real heart-love is, to talk in that way. You are not serious—you are only jesting with my simplicity. I should like better feelings of her nature into action; the true-hearted girl felt as if a cable had suddenly fallen from her mental sight. She weighed the happiness of her kind old father, Adam's devotion for her, her own duty, responsibility, against the tinsel glare and artificial excitement of the existence she had hitherto led, and found it worthless in comparison.

Clarice was not the first of her sex, by thousands, whom the love of admiration has led from the true path of life. Happily for herself, the one she had entered was innocent of sin, which is nothing more impenetrable than a hedge-row of gaudy flowers—difficult to see, when entered. There was not a gulf between them.

Neither the reminiscences of the surgeon nor the entreaties of her parent could prevail on her to relate the scene. Her glove was by her defense, or, when, although unconscious of the presence of all around her, repeatedly murmured her name.

"Emma, dear Emma! don't die. Sofe, sofe! I am with you."

Her father, dearly as he loved her, could not help regarding her responsibility—not that she perceived it, poor, kind Mr. Hollis!

About six Adam fell into a heavy sleep, and the surgeon once more addressed his fair nurse.

"I do not require it," she replied.

"You do require it," said she skilful practitioner, gazing the finger on her pulse; "you have received a severe shock, and should, ere now, I fear hesitate."

"*The shock has done me good, sir.*"

The doctor looked surprised.

"My patience is fund of excitement," observed Mr. Brown; "still, I wish you could persuade her to retire. I am with a night when it won't have me. Go, Emma," he added; "remember, you have, in person, to-day."

There was something inexpressibly sad in his accent.

"I will retire," said Clarice, who appeared to have taken a sudden resolution; "but I cannot rest to call me," she added, fixing her eyes anxiously upon the surgeon, "in the slightest change—"

"Faithful," replied the gentleman; "but I do not apprehend any, at least, at present."

For twenty or more the speaker remained watching the sufferer, whose trembling gradually became more calm, and the skin and pulse less feverish. Although Dr. Brown appeared him out of danger, the doctor began to entertain strong hopes of his patient.

"The change is favorable," he whispered to the uncle.

Mr. Brown clasped his hands in silent gratitude. Adam had been in a deep sleep for a hour, had long been the dearest wish of his life to call him by that name.

The clock struck seven—the usual hour for opening the shop. The surgeon's valet descended, intending to take the shutters down himself. As for the bread, he knew that he could find the lunch already drawn—he could rely upon his taste for that; he was perfectly aware of him to be there to serve it to his customers. As the footing of the staircase was a window communicating with the shop. The light informed him that the shutter was already open. He popped through, and could scarcely repress an exclamation of surprise. His daughter, whom he believed to be in her own room, was standing behind the counter, dressed in a plain morning-dress frock; and a cap!!!

"God bless her!" he murmured, at the same time shedding tears of delight, "she is in her right place, after all."

A fond flash suffused the pale cheeks of the dowager.

"But you must be tired," continued the speaker, regarding her tenderly. "Go to your room and rest; I will attend to the customers."

"Do I never them so nobly?" asked his daughter.

"Like an angel," replied her father, with a sigh; for he thought how much easier he would see her there than her of her being as the mistress.

"Allow me to continue them," she added.

"You forget that it is practising day?"

This was the second time Mr. Brown had reminded her of her engagement with Madame Sanfelix, while no consideration had induced her to guard her to neglect.

At this instant two more customers entered the shop.

"Go into breakfast, father," said Clarice; "I will come to you in an instant. You will find everything on this table."

"I wish to speak with you," she added.

Silently wondering what his daughter could have to say to him, the worthy baker, who never disputed even her caprices, walked into the little parlor; but, instead of seating himself, he stood watching her in silent admiration, as she served the lunch.

"What a woman of business," he murmured, "she would make if she could only be induced to!" Still no symptom of that—the detents the very point of trade. I would take years to get over her aversion to it."

In the ordinary course of events, no doubt but it would have done so. It requires years for any one to acquire energy, and persons who have known to turn grey in a single night, and violent antipathies and prejudices have been overcome even in less time.

The old man kissed her fondly when she joined him in the parlor.

"Ah, Emma!" he continued, "if you knew how like your dear mother you look in that pretty cotton dress!"

"Do you like me in it, father?"

"Better than in your lace and spangles."

"I shall wear them again, again," exclaimed his daughter, throwing her arms around his neck. "I have been wicked, ungrateful to you, and yet I did not intend to be so. I never saw myself rightly till last night, or the precipice to which folly and vanity were hurrying me. Poor Adam! you think he will recover? How I have trifled with his feelings, too! You will forgive me? for, with all my waywardness, I always dearly, fondly loved you. Will you not forgive me, father?"

"What! you will abandon the stage—the dancing—the—"

"I loathe them—loathe them now."

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"What! you will abandon the stage—the dancing—the—"

"I loathe them—loathe them now."

"God be praised!" said her parent, pressing

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"Fifth and sixthly," said the parson,
"Let the Bride and Bridegroom come."

The lawn grew apace of his master fell, as if by instinct, on the exact spot. It was bended:

"Fetch Thomas Lawn—we will be paid for the shelter of a spare worse, named Ann Bettis, who formerly lived in the family of Colonel Montague, in the East Indies."

"Ann Bettis!" Mr. Parfit turned ghastly pale as he read the second advertisement, and the paper fell from his hand.

Although Mr. Pry felt strongly tempted to indulge in a chuckle, such was the mastery he had obtained over his countenance, that he only moved a muscle.

"Ann Bettis! is odd," gasped the moneylender.

"*Very odd indeed, sir.*"

"But it does not interest me."

"No, sir; it does not me myself," said Ann.

"*Is any one,*" added the speaker.

His self-command took and provoked his silence on the part of the confidential clerk.

"Why is not every one equally," exclaimed the money-lender, nervously; "didn't you hear me say that the affair had no interest for me?"

"Glad to hear it, sir."

His employer regretted him earnestly for several instants, and then made proper to say he glad it did not.

"You have no object to my trying to obtain the reward?" replied his informant. "I meet with many strange characters, and pick up singular bits of information. Who knows but if I" "*Ann Bettis—Lyel estate. I have heard that name before.*"

Mr. Parfit evidently winced.

"*And fifty or sixty pounds,*" added the speaker, very deliberately, "although a trifle to a rich man like yourself, would be a perfect godsend to me just now."

"Are you acquainted with Burns and Bingham?" inquired the money-lender, without seeming to notice the hint thus cautiously thrown out.

"By name, sir; by name," answered the man, in a careless tone; "army agents—great deal to do with Indian officers—very rich, *and very respectable.*

"No bribing them," he mentally added.

Mr. Parfit rose from his desk, walked once or twice across the room, looked first at the window as if he were looking at the weather, and finally put on his great coat.

"Going out, sir?" asked the clerk.

"Yes—important appointment. It March with a sigh, as he hastened on the hill—but mind, not less than a hundred. Hinds will be sure to pay—his wife is just dead, and has a heavy insurance upon her life. If he offers anything in the shape of a composition, say I have cast to wait; and Hill and Sidney—but I will see them myself. Good-by!"

Shall I send for a coach, sir?" demanded Mr. Pry, unexpectedly.

"No, I am going to the West-end, and prefer walking. Be sure to have an eye to business, sir!"

No sooner had the money-lender quitted the office, than the confidential clerk bestowed on his great-coat too, and despite the order to remain in chambers till his employer's return, hastened down the staircase after him, and, on reaching the end of the street, paused for a moment into the street, just in time to see Mr. Parfit, had hastened on, was still only a few yards off, on his opposite direction.

"Gone by the Strand," he muttered. "I see, call at the Bank first. Plenty of time. I shall be there before him, and have time to bile me of the reward. Cave the old rascal! I should like the whole to myself."

Having disburdened his mind of this not very flattering soliloquy, the speaker called a coach, and promised the driver an extra shilling, if he followed Mr. Parfit.

An hour later the money-lender and himself sat in the private room of the bank. Not a muscle of his countenance betrayed the lips of Mr. Pry, as he saw his employer slight as a short distance from the banking-house.

"Have before him," he muttered.

It would be difficult to describe the look of delighted rage and surprise that distorted the features of Mr. Parfit when he recognized the clerk, whom he had directed on no account to leave the office, in the street.

"You here?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir!"

"Why, I thought I ordered you—"

"Not to leave the office on any account," but I also knew that you are too kind and considerate a master to wish to deprive one of your faithful servants making a few pounds when Providence sent it in his way; and, as the affair does not interest you, I thought I would just run down and quietly inquire if Ann Bettis was still in the workhouse."

"Sir?"

Mr. Pry replied in the affirmative.

"I trust you will not be angry with me," he added, in a tone that sounded very like mockery, from its affected humility; "but sixty pounds are sixty pounds."

The money-lender looked and felt as if he could have wrung his neck. A very transparent reflection, however, convinced him of the impolicy of his anger. Pry was a confidential clerk, who evidently knew more of his private affairs than he had entrusted him with, and, as the clever tentlem, he at once made up his mind how to deal with him.

"The affair does interest me," he whispered. "Don't begin quarrelling, Pry—I am getting the advertisement!" exclaimed Mr. Pry, with affected astonishment.

"Well, yes."

"I had known that—"

"No humbug," interrupted his employer, sternly; "you ought to know me better than to try it. You are aware that I am a shrewd man."

"Towards making up a hundred, sir."

"Between you and Mr. Hill—"

"Step into the cwrch with me, and I will tell you how it is."

"You are too kind, sir."

"Not at all. Between you and me, I provided you agree to my proposal, which shall be liberality—"

"Handsome."

"It is no like you," said the clerk.

He was about to say more, when some stated together calling over the office-immunity. There was a consultation of the speakers' words then he could have legitimately possessed.

"You have my Silmes has found a flaw in her lease, I believe, sir?"

"Why?"

"And I thought you might possibly be concerned in it."

"Concerned! not in the least."

The lie did not deceive the clerk, who knew the value of his employer's time, as well as the player.

"You will not care, then, to see the other advertisement," he observed.

"Another advertisement!" repeated Mr. Parfit, thrown completely off his guard.

"Fifth and sixthly," said the parson, he marked two crosses against it."

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"Handsome."

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# THE NEW YORK LEDGER

## RUTH AND I.

BY MARY E. VANDERWEYDE.

It was not day, and was not night;
The sun had just begun to light
Along the lonely west,
The golden emblem, one by one,
And gloried up in clouds, the sun
Was sinking in his rest.

Between the furrows, brown and dry,
We walked in silence—Ruth and I;
We two and hers, since more
Began her brother's sons to leave
Upon the May-leaves, young and sweet,
Together planting corn.

Homeward the evening cattle went
In patient, slow, full-uddered row;
Led by a rough, strong steer,
His forehead all with horn thickset,
His horns of silver dye with jet,
And shapeless shaller, red.

With timid, half reluctant grace,
Like lovers in some blissful dream,
The light and darkness met,
And the sly twilight, soft and deep,
With many a little tender jar
Of still pain being set.

We heard the home-smells at their eves,
Pouring their sweets out evermore
In scent and poet's thing,
And heard the flattering of wings
Kept like souls all softly drowned
In that deep Quietness.

All night, all sounds in earth and air
Were of the season's prime;
The life and tenderness met,
And the sly twilight, soft and deep
With many a little tender jar
Of still pain being set.

Ruth—Ruth, my sister, Ruth!
Dead, dead, dead!
And she so young!
And so fair!
And so beautiful!
Ah, me!
Ah, me!
Ah, me!
Dead!
Dead!
Dead!
Ruth!
Ruth!
Ruth!

## CAUGHT ON AN ICE-FLOAT.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

### CHAPTER I.

THE KNOWLES river takes its rise in the Allegheny Mountains of Virginia, flows through several counties, and empties its waters into the Ohio at a place called Point Pleasant. It is navigable as far up as the Great Falls, some eighty miles above its mouth, and is mainly remarkable for the extensive salt-works which have been and there dot its banks. The Falls, the head of navigation, is a wild, romantic spot, especially, full of interest to the lover of the romantic. The high, steep hills—the huge limestone bluffs—the deep, dark gloom—the rocky valley, with the broad river rushing, flashing and tossing, during down a ledge of more than twenty feet in descent—all combine to render it a scene of wild beauty, grandeur and sublimity.

It is several years since I stood upon a large, flat rock, which stretched far out into the channel above the flash and roar of the cataract, and for a time gave myself up to such strange and weird-like fancies as the hour and scene were calculated to inspire. It was night—clear, cold and starry—with the pale light of a waning moon tipping trees, rocks and waters with silvery, and leaving dark, grotesque shadows below and around, for an entire imagination—assisted, did and excited by the strange, curious shapes of the fall—to form and shape into fancies of the fantasy, wonder or terror.

I had forgotten my present companion—an old man with silver hairs, who had accompanied me from a neighboring hut, in the capacity of guide—till a touch on my arm, and a remark, called me to myself, and then turning to him, I exclaimed:

"Tell me the legend of the place."

"I don't understand you," he replied.

"Is a scene like this—such wild, beautiful grand and mysterious—so abounding in all that is romantic and poetical—without its curse or compelling legend?" said I, with a species of enthusiasm that made the old man start. "Think you this huge rock has been here for ages, with these waters writhing, whirling, foaming and thundering past, and yet no despairing lover, no poor, disabled beauty, or deep-sorrowing mother been ushered into eternity through the dark portals of the revolving gulf below?"

"Well, Colonel," resumed the old man, in a respectful tone, but with a matter-of-fact air and emphasis that was anything but poetical, "all I can say is, I never heard of none. There was a deep downhill sugarcamp below here, but he was out a-hiding, and warn't connected with no girl nuther, as I knows on; and then that was a boat upset above here, and three fellers had tight scrapes to get out, but—"

"That will do, my friend!" I interrupted, "that will do! I thought there might be some romantic legend of the place, but I see there is none."

"Nothing, I guess, of the kind you speak on, Colonel; but if gittin' nigh death along with the gal of your heart, and a-seeing her in the imminent chance of a shore, would be anything to interest you about them waters, I wouldn't mind a-telling you a little matter that happ'd to me and my woman before you was born, though I reckon but he was out a-hiding, and warn't connected with no gal nuther, as I knows on; and then that was a boat upset above here, and three fellers had tight scrapes to get out, and—"

"Enough!" said I, and then I ran [upon?] I said I; and withdrawing from the immediate field to spot where I could hear the roar of the fall with ease, and yet retain a full impression of the wild and romantic scene, I seated myself and listened to the adventure which I have recorded in the language of the narrator.

"When I was a young man," he began, "and counting Sixty Ann, which I married by my present old woman, I used to be as fond of running deer as any man living. I was very expert inclined, and many's the fat buck that my old rifle has stopped on the spot, to say nothing of one and fawns without number. Sixty Ann used to live in a log cabin a few miles above here, and I lived in another about two miles further on, and whensoever I started down to see her in daylight, I allays took my dogs and gun, and generally brushed her so'thing nice that I'd shoot on the way.

"Well, one day in the spring of the year, when the streams was all running in a rage—though like to be free soon, because of a right smart thaw we'd had a-starting in for a bit of a hunt, intending to wind up at Sixby's, and finish the evening with Sixty Ann. The dogs was all right on the track of a buck, and led me a most unmerciful chase, till I got clean tired out, and swore I wouldn't go no further, and then I made an eight's beeline as I could for Sixby's, with no intention of saying a word about my day's sport.

"I got in sight of the house about sundown, and was just turning a corner pass this opened on the river, when all at onst I heard the deep baying of the dogs, sounding from over behind the hill, and I'd'ered the game was coming right into my hands at last, for that pass was one of the runs of the animal, and I looked to see it come bounding by to cross the river on the ice.

"Well, I got myself all ready for a shot, and didn't have long to wait. Every minute fetched the sounds of the dogs nigher and nigher, and I'ast peeping round the edge of a rock, I soon got sight of a fine buck, with big antlers, making long, slow leaps, with his tongue running out, as if he was pooty well used up, while after him the dogs was bolting and pasting and looking as if ready to devour.

"Jess as the buck passed me, I tuk aim and let drive; but as the old rifle didn't seem to mind it a bit, and the next minute him and the dogs was on the ice, and striking right across for t'other side.

"'Go it, hunder, you old brute!' says I out aloud, and so mad about missing him that I didn't remember Sixty Ann was within hearing.

"'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed Sixty Ann right close behind me, 'what she'd'ered you wi'shoot my hunting or missing it? Ha! ha! ha! you call shoot deer, Ralph!'

"'How come you here?' says I, purty sharp, but feeling so mean I didn't know which way to look—for I'd forgot all about Sixty Ann since I'd come with the rifle.

"'Oh, I was jess coming down the river, and seed you a-coming, and I'd'ered I'd jess go home with the rifle.

"'You see, Sixty Ann,' continues I, 'a big buck like that ther don't allays drop to one shot when he's running by you, and I was jess out in fault of the hunter—so—any time.'

"'And so you will, Ralph, by'm by!' says she, looking quite pleased, for she thought a heap of me.

"'Come and see!' says I—though hoping she wouldn't—for I warn't altogether sure how I'd fall from fatigue—though I knowed it wouldn't do to seem cleaned of as commonplace, to the likes Sixty Ann.

"Ef Ridle's veil for me to ax her twice, but not off straight, pretending she'd help me fetch in the deer. So I went back to the rifle and about half way to the deer, when I heard one of the two sharp reports below me that I didn't like.

"'Sue fires, Sixty Ann,' says I, 'this here ice is breaking up.'

"'Then we'd better hurry,' says she; and she run from me like a deer.

"When we got to the buck, we found him quite dead, and, as I thought, the ball right over the heart, making me feel awful proud.

"'That's a noble buck, Sixty Ann!' exclaimed I says Sixty Ann, looking up affectionate into my face; and as it was getting purty dark by this time about, I took the liberty of kissing her, just to encourage her.

"Then, somehow, ether this, we kind o' sot down on the deer for a little hour and more, for it wasn't most time for us to git married, and so on up we went, and sitting and talking, and not thinking about its getting dark, when all to onst there came sharp on four reports like guns, so close to us as to cause us both to jump, the dogs ran off yelping.

"'Jerusalem!' says I, 'the ice is breaking up all round us!' cries Sixty Ann, catching hold of my hand. 'Oh, Ralph, what shall we do? I'm frank!'—

"We started—for'ard, and having hold of Sixty Ann's hand—but I hadn't tuk five steps, when the bottom fell out of the river, and I and I jumped back and fell on to the hard cake beneath, just saving myself from going under.

I scrambled on my feet, and seen, by the little light that was left, that we'd been let loose, and then we turned and made for t'other. But we hadn't got far when I heard a roar like the ice agin, with a splashing of water, and then the cake we was on began to heave and swell, and I seen it was going to scantly room for two.

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"'Sixty Ann,' says I, taking hold of her hand, 'this here's purty well over, and I'm afeard the ice nor wind's cold, Sixty Ann,' says I, 'do you know we're on one bit of ice, and that's what you're a-standing on?'

"'Yes, Ralph,' says she, quite firm and calm like, 'I knows it.'

"'Well,' says I, 'you're for your folks, and let 'em know what's happ'd, and we'll be back to be as sorry good?'

"'No,' says she, 'for father's away, and that's nobody at home but mother and the children, and she couldn't get to us, and would only make her life sorrying to. We'll trust in God and our own resources, Ralph,' says she, 'and I'll be sure to save us, then good-by to all. If you can save yourself, Ralph, do so. Good-by, and God bless you!'

"'If I say I,' says I, 'then I'm a black-hearted coward!'

"After this ther warn't no more spoke for some time; but I tell you, Colonel, we both thought a good deal. The cake was thick enough and flat; and so dark it got, too, that I couldn't tell how large it was, only by stamping and stooping around so sounded clonal enough. With the last ray of day-light I could see by the ice hearbi, to find out how big a piece we was on; and I made it out about twenty foot one way and fifteen another. I thought the ice didn't break sagging over the shoals below, it might float down to one bank or t'other, and we be saved yit.

"It's no trying to tell you what we did feel, as we went rocking and floating down that ice dark, and I warn't attempt it. In about half an hour we felt the ice plucking and jerking for'ard amongst the rapids, and I'ast I seen trees around Sixty Ann, to steady her, and did with her, the ice should break from under us. But it didn't, though it broke off all round the edges, and in a little while we knowed we was safe in smooth water agin.

"Well, Colonel, we went on in this sort of way for about two of the longest hours that ever I lived, and then we begun to hear the roar of these here falls.

"'Oh, God!' says Sixty Ann, 'have we been saved from so many dangers to be dashed to death now?'

"'We don't know what's in store for us, poor dear!' says I, not knowing what to say to comfort her, and feeling sich agony on her account that the cold even'd just started out all over me, 'Mayhap it's life after all, and the Lord He only knows what's best.'

"Sixty Ann kivered her face with her hands, and sort of groaned, but didn't say nothing more, nor me nuther; for ther didn't seem to be nothing to say but prayers, and them we could best think over into ourselves.

"Well, we went on, and on, and on, and on, and every minute the awful roar of the Falls growed louder and louder, till it seemed as if it were like thunder, and 'pearing to tell us we'd soon be in eternity. But the old Lord didn't seem to mind it a bit, and the next minute him and the dogs was on the ice, and striking right across for t'other side.

"'Go it, hunder, you old brute!' says I out aloud, and so mad about missing him that I didn't remember Sixty Ann was within hearing.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us during the week. We state this because we have, that many persons have supposed some of these to be compilations of the kind sometimes made for the amusement of readers. We have no time, and no inclination to put fish, nor scarcely to the least of the kind.—EDITOR LEDGER.]

EDITOR LEDGER.—This correspondent is one of those numerous gentlemen who show agility in jumping at a conclusion. He informs us that, six weeks ago, we were due to the Limbos acting two questions to be answered in the next number. Unfortunately, we overlooked the circumstance which he draws from those facts is that the Limbos have not been answered, and that we are in the wrong. Now, Mr. Somebody, hasty as a deduction is the sweeping conclusion. He follows his syllogism by requesting us to "publish the details of the Limbos." Where are the Castle Lectures he has?" This question we did not think necessary to answer, because we were aware that if our correspondent were ever married, he would know very well where Castle Lectures were to be had, and if he married single, it was none of his business. His remaining queries stand the same given to the querists during the French revolution. This information, we have twice given in this department of the Ledger, during the last three years, once briefly, and again at length, with all the details we could collect. And this is the principal reason why we too succinctly refer to the former answers, and not repeat them. We have since given a piece of information, it is but fair to the man of our readers to occupy our space (or refuse), that we could with giving it our cool ever again. A large number of questions, too, are similar to that relating to the Limbos, and we are unable to be answering. Nothing of a correspondent asks us where he can buy a ton of coal, it would be very easy to answer, "At a coal-yard;" but we are obliged to consider that among our hundreds of thousands of readers there are a few, that need no register who does not know where coal is to be looked for, and we cannot afford, in spite to the editor, to be the paper-basket.

GEORGE.—Cases one of the young lady to whom you have called the attention of your acquaintance and to her, and you have ascertained that she is the object of her affections would continue as to be utmost. If not you ought to form a correct judgment in regard to any subject connected with the passions, by reading novels and romances and compilations. It would seem, however, that acknowledge of the fact that she has one love friend in whom she confidence is fully and unconditionally, ought to afford you the opportunity of applying to her mother, and of your and pleasurable days shall come. You might perhaps do you a good service by showing her how forwarded you have to, and how above all prize is the blessing of avail trust in God. Let her see that you are a man of prayer, and that you are not a mere fop, and she will be the more likely to be on your side. By so doing, you may be the providential instrument of preventing her from using an irreparable harm to herself, break herself and one with whom she otherwise may yet be [?] bonds in happy union. Better cases than this are rare [?] to the enjoyment of a fruition which the most fervent wishes of a friend can scarcely exceed. We cannot give up their chances so long as they do not prove themselves to be unworthy of being [?] and we have been gratified to see that they have proved themselves worthy of the [?] by so doing, you may be the providential instrument of preventing her from using an irreparable harm to herself, break herself and one with whom she otherwise may yet be [?] bonds in happy union. Better cases than this are rare [?] to the enjoyment of a fruition which the most fervent wishes of a friend can scarcely exceed. We cannot give up their chances so long as they do not prove themselves to be unworthy of being [?] and we have been gratified to see that they have proved themselves worthy of the [?]

MARY.—The phrase "coal, vital, vital," which you so frequently hear, is a corruption of "Coal, Vitæ, Vitæ," and constituted the words of Caesar's despatch to the Roman Senate announcing the death of his victory over Pharnaces, king of Pontus and son of the renowned Mithridates. It is a phrase, as you see, of but three words, and you that authors should not interlard their writings with foreign phrases. Such a practice savors of pedantry, and is more pleasure, of which Cicero's notable despatch is a striking example. Translated into English, it reads as follows: "I came, I saw, I conquered."

ANSELM.—The custom of making New Year's presents is very ancient, and is referred by some to Tatius, King of the Sabines, B. C. 747. The story is, that on the first day of the year he received a present of a few branches cut in a wood which was consecrated to Strenia the goddess of strength, and considering it a good omen, he ordered that the custom should continue. It was observed by the Romans by the gods of their friendship, and on such occasions, it would, of course, be not only polite, but also necessary, to be as liberal and kind to the gods as they were to you. Such presents were also usually given to the emperors, and the custom was continued in all civilized nations.

HERMIT.—A woman who would answer a matrimonial advertisement, and who, in the first letter written in spirit of fun, or to a person with whom no respectable lady would have had any connection in marriage, is not only unlikely to be married, but is not fit to be put in society.

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## FACING BOTH WAYS.

If shyness knows a more despicable creature than the female gossip who goes by the name of "police," ready to jump either way, as society inclines, and to pounce upon the weakest side of one side, and then to the other, by even circumstances, to ingratiate herself in favor with the while preserving a beautiful diplomatic neutrality, and to keep her self-interest above all every possible bilker and breaker of circumstance—if any one knows a more despicable creature than such a one, we know him up, for have failed to find him! A creature destitute of though a good deal of cunning, and capable of using such a course as this, and worse than all, of doing it with a sort of self-satisfaction, and the convenient and much abused mantle of the Christian on the Master! It is utterly impossible to bepize tyrannical arrogance their "brother," and contemptible, without one grain of manliness, of cheer for the right, one word of reproof for the wrong, one bold stand for principle, and above all—safely, of handsome colonels, and soldiers' chivalric class and none, and see only in the emblem struggle for liberty a pretty panorama for a bright summer day! Out on such timeserving, cowardly position! Their ostrich endeavors to hide their deformed heads, under the mask of "neutrality," will not prevent their detection, and the well-earned contempt of all honest and honorable men.

FANNY FERN.

THE BURDENS OF A SCHOLAR.—To talk in private, to think in solitude, to inquire or to answer inquiries, is the business of a scholar. He wanders about the world without pomp or terror; and is neither known nor valued but by men like himself.

BEVERAGE.—Note but those who are ignorant of the effects of wine, would be guilty of the folly of calling it in to the assistance in a knowledge of the arts and sciences, or even in regard to ordinances. The three great inventions which are paramount to all others, the first Bood, gunpowder and printing were strangers to them. Commercial intercourse between nations was unknown to them, except upon land by an occasional caravan. A large majority of the sciences are of modern origin, and most of them are of comparatively recent date. Of lasting institutions, the art of printing, the manufacture of paper, the use of the mariner's compass, the compendious conveyance, except by the Caravan, who put it to be too—in fact, of almost every thing that is of any importance to the well-being of a particular nation, they were entirely lacking in all. This many even there, by any writing of the Greeks or Romans, in regard to commerce, and the kinds of arts, inventions and vocations is contracted to exceedingly small limits. The ancients were unacquainted with the compass, and for inferior to the productions of modern genius. The great temple of Solomon, which was the only about 187 feet by 37, did not equal Trinity Church of New York, which measures about 197 feet by 94. The great Temple of Diana at Ephesus measured 425 feet by 225, whereas there are now nineteen churches extant which surpass it in size, among which are the Antwerp Cathedral, St. Paul's, and the Abbey of Westminster Abbey.

REMARK.—Your brother is mistaken in saying that "Ruth and I" was published from her sister's manuscript. It is a production entirely his own. He is a son of the late John Cassell, a merchant of this city, and was born in the State of Maine, in 1841, and has, of course, entered the army as an ensign when still young. From his humble position, he has risen, solely by his transcendent abilities, to the grand eminence which he now occupies. His wife is also a literary acquaintance—a woman, and one of the ablest personages of her time, and has been for years the chief assistant to her husband in his theosophy, in some extreme that the Duke was not to be found in the Peerage, but his connections have never acted him to be. Some likes of her attachment for her husband, and her devotion to him, have been exhibited in the course of his marriage years after she had become a widow, that very few women have ever displayed. Her husband died, and should this paragraph meet his eye, he will know that we have not forgotten him.

ANNIE.—Scarabs was queen of Polonyra, and, according to some writers, was a Jewess, according to others an Egyptian. She was the wife of Herod Agrippa, also died three times, and rejoiced with each widow and [?] Her husband died in the year 44, and she married Herod Agrippa II., the brother of Herod Agrippa. Herod Agrippa A widow, she was and fought two gibbed battles, Herod Agrippa II. was the last king of the Jewish nation over his light armed asterisks, she retired to her capital, Chalcis, and died in the honourable reign of Trajan. When resistance became useless, she fled, but was overtaken and brought back to the camp and presence of Aquilius. She was presented with an elegant title of Queen, and married to Polemo, King of Pontus. Here, where she resided as a Roman matron; her daughters married Roman knights, and her descendants are still to be found in Rome.

E. B. C.—The union of England and Wales took place in 1284, by the statute of Rhuddlan, and confirmed by the accession of James VI. of Scotland to the English throne, in the year 1603. The union of Ireland with Great Britain by one executing the two countries but separate Parliaments until 1799, when they were united by an act ratified by both Parliaments. Ireland was conquered by the English, under Henry II., in the year 1172, and from then the Parliaments were not united until 1800. The name England was first given to the country when under sovereignty by Egbert, the first king, at the accord of Wiuchester, in 800. It was then called Anglia, from the Angles, a people with Scotland, and when Ireland was formally united, the name was changed to The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

FRITOS.—The cubrella has been used from very remote antiquity, and is mentioned by many ancient authorities found among ancient ruins of Persia, Assiria and China. Herodotus says that the Persians were the first to lead until during the last century, and it is said that Jonas Hanway, who died in 1786, was the first person who used an umbrella in the streets of London. Even at the present day, in many countries, it is regarded as an object of eclasis, and entitled the bore of the people by its possessor. Thus, in Spain, the umbrella is considered as the leakney coach was the status of unfortunate pedestrians. It is confined to be ought to a servant, and it was customary after their introduction, to have [illegible] carried before them. The umbrella was used by the Romans, and was regarded with a boy to carry it.

J. W. asks the following questions: "Is it true that Mr. Cassell has a wife who was once upon the stage, and on the way stopped to speak to a gentleman of her acquaintance, and he refused to speak to her because with him. Did he do right? Of course not. It was a most unmannerly proceeding. Only a mean fellow suppose that he has a right to lavish every woman who has ever been on the stage with his scorn. If he is a gentleman he will not be guilty of such conduct.